

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1792.

[NUMBER 234.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Toric's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

The HISTORY of DON ALONZO, or The NOBLE HERMIT.

DON ALONZO CARDONA is descended from one of the most illustrious families of Old Castile. Nature had been extremely lavish of her favours in the formation of his person, having given him a face and shape fashioned after one of her most perfect models; to which she has added a graceful mien and noble air. This was still strikingly visible, even through the disguise of his monastic habit. Nor has she been less bountiful in the endowment of his mind; for through the course of his narrative, and in every part of his conversation, could I discern that he was possessed of every accomplishment natural or acquired, that constitutes the man of sense and the complete gentleman. His parents dying while he was young, the Count de Calvatera, his mother's brother, who resided in the city of Burgos, took him into his family, and became to him a father. This nobleman had also but one son, who, being nearly of the same age as Don Alonzo, they were educated in the same manner, went through the same exercises; and when they arrived at a proper age, to complete their education, were sent by the Count to make the tour of Italy, and to reside some time at the court of Naples.

During their residence in that city, having an inclination to see the fruitful island of Sicily, they embarked on board a Neapolitan galley for the port of Messina. The wind was for some time favourable; but a storm suddenly arising, which frequently happens on the coasts of the Mediterranean, the ship was driven many leagues to the south-west; and the next morning, when day light appeared, they found themselves on the coast of Africa, near the port of Tunis.

The storm had now abated, and the Neapolitans plied their ears in order to regain the latitude they had been driven from; but they could not escape the observation of a Tunisian corsair, that lay without the harbour, intending to proceed on a cruise as soon as the tempest had subsided. The Moors had no sooner espied the Italian vessel, than they hoisted their sails and made all the speed they could after: as they were superior in force to those they pursued, they doubted not of making an easy conquest; but there being on board the Neapolitan several young Italian gentlemen, beside the two young Spaniards, they all united their endeavours to cheer the drooping spirits of the crew, and excited them to make as good a defence as the time would admit of.

Don Alonzo, and his cousin Don Miguel, pointing to stain their unfleeced swords, were

not behind hand with any of their companions in giving proofs of their ardour; and the corsair now being come within gun-shot, the engagement began. According to their accustomed manner of fighting, the infidels strove to bear down upon their adversaries, so as to board them; and this they at length effected. The combat soon grew desperate, and many were killed or wounded on each side.

The young Count received a stroke from the scimitar of one of the Moors, that brought him down, and laid him prostrate on the deck. Don Alonzo, seeing his cousin fall, disengaged himself from those by whom he was opposed, and springing in an instant to the spot where he lay dexterously warded off a blow, which would have proved fatal to him. Elated with this earnest of success, before the Moor could recover himself, he plunged his sword into the bosom of the barbarian, and thus revenged the fall of his friend.

The Captain of the corsair, finding by this time a much warmer reception than he had expected, recalled his men, and bore away in pursuit of easier conquests; and the Neapolitans making the best of their way toward the port from which they had thus unexpectedly been driven, soon arrived without further hindrance. This adventure doubly endeared Don Alonzo to his cousin; and more strongly cemented that tender friendship which had taken place in the earlier part of their lives, and had since grown with their growth. The young Count, upon their arrival at Messina, was conveyed to the palace of a Sicilian Nobleman, to whom they had letters of recommendation; where his wound was immediately dressed, and the greatest care taken of him. During his recovery, which proceeded but slowly, Don Alonzo seldom left his chamber, and while his life was in danger, gave innumerable proofs of tenderness and anxiety.

The Nobleman to whose protection the young Spaniards had been recommended, was named Don Juan Sforzi, Marquis del Spino-li. He held a considerable post in the Island; was greatly confided in by his master, the King of the two Sicilies, and much respected by every rank of inhabitants. His chief residence was at Palermo, but he at this time happened to reside at Messina, being detained there by some public business.

A daughter was the last and only remains of the illustrious house of this Nobleman, to whom the Marchioness her mother had no sooner given birth, than she expired; leaving her as an inheritance a great share of beauty, and a thousand amiable qualities.—All the affectionate effusions of the Marquis's heart were now centered on his lovely

daughter the care of her education became his chief employment. Nor were his most sanguine wishes disappointed; for as the young Leonora grew up, she became the admiration of the whole Island.

She had reached her fourteenth year, when the two Spanish cavaliers arrived at her father's palace. Though the Marquis's family was originally from Spain, and he had resided many years at the court of Naples, he retained not the gravity and haughty demeanour of either of these people, but was free, open, and affable, intermixing with a becoming dignity, the ease and address of more polished kingdoms.

This freedom of sentiment extended itself to the education of his daughter; whose manners were formed, through his parental care, in a proper medium between the preciseness of the Spaniard, and levity of the French. As this was the case, when his young visitants arrived, instead of shutting his daughter up, and secluding her from their company, the Marquis permitted her to appear at his table, and to make one in their pleasurable parties. However the duenna, to whose care he had committed her, was at the same time cautioned to keep a proper guard over her conduct, should it become necessary, that no private interviews might be obtained, or the least occasion given for more than a friendly intercourse. But how vain are such precautions! The insinuating god is ever ready to take advantage of youth and inexperience, and sometimes to build on the slightest foundation a lasting empire.

Thus it was at Messina. The young Count did no sooner recover from the wound he had received by the Moorish scimitar, than he received another from the irresistible charms of the lovely Leonora. The moment he had an opportunity of seeing the Marquis's fair daughter, he felt the power of love. But the pleasure he experienced from this new sensation came not without alloy.—Whenever his passion permitted him to reflect, he became sensible, that if he could gain the favour of Leonora, yet neither her parent, or his own, would suffer him to form a connubial connexion, till the two years allotted for his travels were expired. This space appeared to him an age; and the consideration embittered every pleasure. Sometimes he determined to disclose his sentiments to the young lady, and implore her pity; at others, he resolved to suppress his inclinations, and to fulfil with cheerfulness his father's injunctions. Thus, by turns, did love and reason triumph.

Donna Leonora could not avoid observing Don Miguel's prepossession in her favour, notwithstanding he concealed the secret in his

own breast; but she saw it with pain, Though his person was agreeable, and his accomplishments engaging, yet having frequently seen Don Alonzo before his cousin's illness would permit him to make his appearance, she became imperceptibly prejudiced in his favour, and often secretly wished that such might be the man her father should make choice of for her husband. But whatever were her sentiments, she carried herself so circumspectly, that neither the Marquis, his visitants, or the duenna, could discover any symptoms of those hidden wishes from her behaviour.

[To be continued.]

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison,

THE following Anecdote is related by a gentleman, who was himself witness to the truth of the fact, is so remarkable an instance of an heroic and unshaken sense of friendship among persons of a class that we have accustomed ourselves to; consider and indeed (often to the infinite disgrace of humanity) to treat as barbarians that I could not dispense of communicating it to the public.

At a late sale of slaves at Santa Cruz, among the great numbers that christian avarice had been, either the immediate or secondary means of placing on a level with cattle, were two, each of them apparently about the age of thirty, whose deportment seemed superior to the rest. What their rank had really been, they with a fullen dignity seemed resolved to conceal from every one. When the Captain of the vessel which had brought them thither, entered on the necessary business of distributing his marketable goods into proper lots for sale, both of them in the most submissive manner, and with an eagerness that spoke more than common feelings, clung round his knees and hung around his garment, entreating him only to favour them so far as to permit them both to be appointed to the same lot, by which means they might serve one master, and at least enjoy the trifling satisfaction of being companions even in slavery. But even this poor request itself, either through the brutality of their salesmen, or from apprehensions of their combining in some mutinous design, was denied them. Yet earnest as they seemed in their desire, the refusal was received with manly resignation by them both; when upon the point of being delivered to their respective masters, they only begged leave of few words with one another permitted out of hearing, though not out of sight of those they were to serve; this was allowed them; when after a few minutes conversation and a close embrace, they parted and were sent to their respective stations. Seven days after the transaction, they both (as it afterwards appeared) were missing at the same hour, nor were they, though the strictest search was made after them to be found, till about a weeks distance; a planter riding through a thicket which lay in the midway between the two plantations they had been stationed at, saw, to his great surprise, two bodies hanging on one tree, locked fast and folded in each others arms, embracing and embraced, which on enquiry, proved to be the faithful, yet desperate friends.

Such was the attachment, even in death, of mortals formed like ourselves, with souls informed with every noble and generous sentiment, capable of cultivation like our own, but whom with the most barbarous oppression, we at our pleasure deprive of liberty, of life, and even of those advantages which common humanity induces us to bestow upon the mere domestic brutes.—Hear this, ye civilized Americans, hear this, and blush!

A CONSTANT READER.

New-York, Nov. 1, 1792.

SORROW'S CHILD.

Written by a Young Lady.

COLD blew the wind, no gleam of light,
When Ellen left her home,
And brav'd the horrors of the night,
O'er the dreary wilds to roam.
The lovely maid had late been gay,
When hope and pleasure smil'd;
But now, alas! to grief a prey,
Was Ellen, Sorrow's Child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,
But, ah! how sad her doom;
The gentle youth in beauty's pride,
Was summon'd to the tomb!
No more those joys shall Ellen prove,
Which many an hour beguil'd;
From morn to eve she mourns her love,
Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's Child.

With fault'ring steps away she flies,
O'er William's grave to weep:
For Ellen there with tears and sighs
Her watch would often keep.
The pitying angel saw her woe,
And came with aspect mild;
Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's Child.

The plaintive notes were heard above,
Where thou shalt soon find rest;
Again thou shalt behold thy love,
And be forever blest.
Ah! can such bliss be mine, she cry'd,
With voice and looks so wild;
Then sunk upon the earth and dy'd,
Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's Childs.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

AS she was once, few of her age you'll see,
As she is now the brightest child must be;
Now beauty lies in mould'ring ruins lost,
A blossom nipp'd by Death's untimely frost;
Yet her chaite soul exults in realms above,
Where Constancy's for ever crown'd with love,
Like a young bride, whose bloom shall ne'er decay,
But celebrate an endless nuptial day.
Fair reader learn perfection is deny'd
To the most dear, for dearest Effie dy'd.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WHAT a blessed good thing would our government be,
Did it demand a tax from Maids beyond thirty,
If our laws did once repeat the same sentence:
"At Hymen's old shop next door to Repentance;
Old Maids without jointures are reasonably had
Wholesale or retail, the good with the bad;
All virgins past thirty, one day should appear,
Precisely at three to be sworn at the bar;
Gay Phillis replies, thank my stars I am free,
The justice himself can swear safely for me,
That in a year or two I married may be.
A spark says to Helen, to swear don't you loath?
Fie, free yourself, Miss, from the tax and the oath;
Don't think, says the fair, but its oft in my mind,
But how can I do it?—will you be so kind?"
November 1. M.

ANECDOTE of the late KING of PRUSSIA.

THE King one day looking out of his window, observed a great croud of people who were reading a paper pasted up against a wall.—"Go and see what it is," said he, to one of the pages.—When the page returned, he informed his Majesty, that it was a satire against him.—"It is too high," replied the King, "go and place it a little lower, in order that every body may read it."

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison,

IN perusing your last week's Museum, I observed, amongst a number of clever things, a piece addressed to the Old Bachelor. There is always some scribblers railing out against this class of gentlemen, I suppose because they are a free, happy, and independent set of fellows, they really appear to envy them their happiness; I for my part, though not a married man, neither do I think I shall be very soon, recommend matrimony in the highest terms, merely from what I can collect from those who had the good fortune of entering into that agreeable life of bliss and happiness, I hear all their stories with patience, at the same time I judge for myself, we must naturally conclude, that in a single as well as a married life, there are inconveniences; but the question is which of the two has the least: I confess for my part, that of a Bachelor, liberty is what we struggled for a long time, a Bachelor has nobody to contend with about little matters, which frequently make great difficulties; he wears his own cloaths; whereas I believe that it is the case frequently, that a married man does not: I recommend matrimony to all my friends, and particularly to those who are very curious, because I think they in the course of a little time may discover a secret;—No body, I dare say, has more charity for Old Maids, that is generally speaking, than I have; but with respect to a great many, I must confess they deserve little or none, because it is in a great measure their own conduct that make them so. When a young girl is just entering into company, if she has a tolerable share of beauty, and that little attention paid her by young flattering boys, she will scarcely look at a man, because he is serious, or has a little gravity about him, she can't bear him, he is too old for her, and she will make use of a number of such speeches about him, more particularly when she is in company with those who she esteems the gallant, who will tell her a thousand stories and not a single word of truth in them, but still she is pleased; these ladies, when they come to arrive at the age of good old twenty-five, they then begin to look round and say, I wish I had been a little more circumspect in my younger days, I am afraid that I shall not have another opportunity; and to live the life of an Old Maid, oh the thoughts of it is enough to kill me! Poor creatures! How miserable is their situation! I pity them sincerely.

October 24.

A BACHELOR.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison,

I Am not a subscriber to your Museum, but as chance would have it, sometimes happen upon it, at this or the other friend's.

Your last came under my eye: You could not conceive, Sir, what an imagination struck me upon the first view of it; seeing "an Address to Gracious Bruisers," "Character of an Old Maid," and an "answer to the Bachelor's Soliloquy," I thought really, Sir, that the whole *Sponting Club*, or *Hobgoblin-Society* had broken loose upon us; which, is confidently asserted, is famous for such and the like productions; and that they once took it into consideration, and fully discussed, "whether the *scarlet whore* was a necessary evil, or not."

If my imagination has led me into an error, I hope that acknowledging it will be a sufficient atonement; for I do assure you, Sir, that nothing would tempt me to offer an affront to that respectable body; which, I am credibly informed, is composed of Merchants, Printers, Silvermiths, Lawyers, and even Grocers; and may therefore be most properly filed—*The Miscellaneous Fraternity*.

When I assure you of a more lengthy and minute detail of matters on this subject, and you consider the many squibs let off in your Museum at thole of my description, I trust, Sir, you will not suffer to pass unnoticed—the production of
October 29. An OLD MAID.

NEW-YORK, November 3.

It is currently reported, that as a gentleman was walking in a certain street of this city, early in the morning of Sunday last, he espied a woman under a sloop, who was casting earth on something she was endeavouring to conceal—and imagining that on seeing him, she discovered tokens of guilt: he passed on some distance, and again returned, when the woman had gone into the house. He then made search, and with his cane levelled the dirt he saw her heaping up, and, to his astonishment, drew out a CHILD, to appearance recently murdered—its head being most inhumanly bruised and bloody. He immediately gave notice to proper persons, and had the woman, whom he first discovered in the act of burying the infant, and her sister taken up—who made confession, “That the child was born of her sister; and in order to prevent its being known, (and thereby escape the censure of the world) they had united in the resolve of murdering the child at the instant of its birth, and concealing it in the place where it was found.” We likewise are informed, that they were both committed to prison, there to remain until trial; when, probably, they will receive, what the cruelty of their deed justly merits. [Diary.]

The St. John's (Antigua) Journal of October 2 says:—“A few days ago, several French transports arrived at St. Christophers, being part of a large fleet, destined with 2300 troops on board, for the Islands of Martinique and Gaudaloupe.—On their arrival off Martinique, they were greeted not as friends but enemies, for they were saluted along the coast with cannon shot. The original French flag was hoisted at the batteries, and a 74 and 2 frigates laying at Fort Royal, got underway and chased them to leeward of Gaudaloupe.—So that it appears this Island, and we hear Gaudaloupe, both rather solicit the former governments. The fleet at St. Kitts is in want of water and provisions &c. His Excellency we hear has given them permission to refresh and purchase provisions. A Governor General, a Sub Governor, and three Commissioners were on board of a frigate, supposed to have got into Gaudaloupe.”

LONDON, August 29.

A female of the name of Fernigue, who is renowned for revolution principles, which she endeavouring to propagate by every means in her power, is a leading character at Paris at this moment, and a sort of Pucelle d'Orleans in point of martial ferocity. The following Anecdote is now circulated at Paris concerning this lady:—On the memorable tenth of this month, Madame Fernigue rushed into the palace of the Thuilleries, at the head of a body of Marseillois, after the grand massacre had taken place, and saw a Swiss officer in the utmost agony and apprehension flying about for sanctuary. This officer perceiving the fair warrior, whom he knew, implored her protection, reminding her that he had seen her at Vienna and Geneva.—“Yes you shall have my protection” said she, “and thus I bestow it;”—striking him instantly with her sabre to the ground, when he was immediately cut to pieces by the heroic myrmidon.

SEPTEMBER 8.

Extract of a letter from Paris, September 3.

“The people flew to the convent of the Carmelites, where the refractory priests of Paris were confined, and without mercy, the Cardinal de Rochefoucauld, and about 130 priests, were massacred. From this they hurried to the Abbaye, where every man and woman, confined under suspicion of crimes against the nation, were also murdered. We cannot with certainty enumerate the names of the victims. It is too certain that all the queen's ladies, Madame Lamballe, Madame de Terrante, &c. with M. Montmorin, M. d'Afry, and others, to the number of hundreds, fell under the pikes of a raging populace.

“Another very shocking spectacle was exhibited this morning. Twenty priests anxious to escape, presented themselves at one of the barriers to pass. They were asked for their passports. The priests not having any, evaded to give an answer. A mob assembled, in the mean time, and they were every man cut to pieces.”

A gentleman who left Paris on Sunday evening gives the following particulars of the destruction of the Irish Colleges in that City:

“In Paris there are two seminaries of learning for the children of Irish parents. Their revenues are large, some say, to the amount of 100,000l. a year; be that as it may, the students, in number about 700, had by some ill-judged intemperance of conduct given offence to the people of Paris; an insurrection was the consequence, and the rage of the populace was concentrated on the two Colleges: The students immediately sought safety in flight, the people had soon completely demolished both the Colleges. Happily all the students are safely arrived in the British dominions.

Extra of a letter from Plymouth, September 6.

“Arrived the Alexander, Capt. Plowman, from Bilbao, with eight French gentlemen who escaped from France: among whom is the Bishop, of Lascar and his Secretary: the Bishop has left a personal estate of 5000l. per annum and it is reported the revenues of his Bishopric were upwards of 2000l. per annum more.”

•• To-morrow, the 4th instant, a CHARITY SERMON will be preached, and a collection made in the forenoon at Trinity Church, for the benefit of the Episcopal Charity School, in this city. An Anthem adapted to the occasion, will be sung by the Scholars, accompanied by the Organ.

➔ To-morrow, the 4th instant, a CHARITY SERMON will be preached, and a collection made in the afternoon at the old Presbyterian Church, in Wall Street, for the benefit of the Free School.

DIED

On Monday morning last, Mr. JAMES GRAY, aged 73 years.—His walk and conversation was becoming the Gospel of Jesus Christ; he endured his sufferings with christian patience and departed in peace.

LEMONS.

A Few boxes LEMONS, in excellent order just arrived.—For sale by BLOODGOOD and HITCHCOCK, No 65, Water Street, one door East of Beekman-Slip.

Who have likewise

EAST INDIA SUGAR,

Malaga raisins in jars and casks, Turkey figs, French preserves, anchovies, capers, &c. with a general assortment of groceries.

Old American cheese, and salt petre'd hams.

A few boxes ESSENCE of SPRUCE.

New-York, November 3, 1792.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening the 25 ult. by the Rev Doctor Rodgers, Mr. DAVID SHERWOOD, of New-Cornwall, to Miss ELIZA SMITH, daughter of Mr. John Smith, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Femus, Mr. JOHN CONNER, of this city to the truly amiable and all-accomplished Miss JENNET SEARSE, formerly of Woodbridge, New-Jersey, but late of this city.

Same evening by the Rev. Doctor Rogers, Mr. JOHN ROYSE, of this city, to Miss LYDIA BULL, of Hartford.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Doctor Kueze, Mr. BENJAMIN SANDS, late of Boston, to Miss PEGGY MICHAELS, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Doctor Rodgers, Mr. THOMAS WHITLOCK, to Miss MARGARET RICHEY, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Provoost, Mr. PAUL R. BACHE, to Miss HELEN LISPENARD, eldest daughter of Anthony Lispenard, Esq. of this city.

J. GREENWOOD,

Surgeon Dentist.

No. 5, Vesey-street, opposite St. Paul's Church yard.

PERFORMS every operation incident to the teeth and gums.—Possessing a perfect knowledge of Mr. John Hunter's practice of the human teeth, (Surgeon extraordinary to the King) with the general approbation of the first families in the United States as well as foreigners.—He transplants and grafts natural teeth, those transplanted grow as firm in the jaw as the original teeth.

Mr. GREENWOOD makes and fixes artificial teeth, of a peculiar kind, the enamel of which is as beautiful as that upon the human teeth; they neither change their colour nor can they be distinguished from the natural; they are fixed in without drawing the old stumps or giving the least pain; he cleans and restores the teeth to their original whiteness, and the breath to its natural sweetness, by removing the tartar which collects upon the teeth, separates them from the gums, and is the first cause of the scurvy in the gums, an evil that ought to be immediately removed, and an object that should be particularly noticed and remedied by all classes of people.

Mr. GREENWOOD returns his most grateful thanks to his friends, and such of the medical gentlemen, who have honoured him with their recommendations; being still determined, to excel, and merit every favour.

N.B. His Specific Dentifrice powder for cleaning the teeth, 2/6 per box, 24/ per doz. 34—8

American Manufactured

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts, good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,

No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

N. B. Genuine Haerlem Oil.

Court of Apollo.

I WOULD IF I COULD;
OR, CHLOE'S COMPLAINT.

HOW I'm jeer'd by the lads, in a thousand rude shapes,
They talk of stale wares, and of leading of apes;
If they once knew my heart I should not be their sport,

I was ne'er ask'd to wed, and a maid must not court.
Then why am I teaz'd that in love I'm unschool'd?
By the beard of my grandfire—I would if I could.

Young Dick t'other day, when my shoe-string was broke,

Again made it fast with a laugh and a joke;
Of love I expected he'd something to say,
But he just doff'd his hat, and went whistling away.
Then why am I teaz'd, that in love I'm unschool'd?
By the beard of my grandfire—I would if I could.

The wind but this morn blew my 'kerchief aside,
And the swain saw the breast I endeavour'd to hide.
I thought he'd be pleasant, but like the pool-rush,
He hung down his head, and went off with a blush.
Then why am I teaz'd, that in love I'm unschool'd?
By the beard of my grandfire—I would if I could.

The next will be Leap-year our calendars show,
When maidens have licence a courting to go,
Fly swiftly, ye moments, bring in the new-year,
And no more let me yield to the sigh and the tear.

In lessons of wedlock I long to be school'd,
By the beard of my grandfire—I would if I could.

Ye pow'rs who protect from the evils of life,
Soon send me the man who dares make me a wife;
The while he is constant, to him I'll be true,
Give him love for his love, do the best I can do;
In lessons of wedlock I long to be school'd,
For by all that is tender—I would if I could.

An Elegant
BELLOWS TOP CHAISE,
And a RIDING CAR, exceeding
cheap for cash; also,
A quantity of best Gold Size. By
ANTHONY OGILVIE,

No. 7, Wall Street, near F-derai Hall.
WHO returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has received from his friends, and the public in general, and hopes by a close attention to his business, to merit a continuance.

COACH, HOUSE, SHIP and SIGN Painting, performed in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. He trusts he will give satisfaction to all those who will honour him with their employment.

New York, September 29, 1792. 1f.

S. L O Y D,
STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,
BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock Street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1793. 93 1y.

THE MORALIST.

The DUTY of PRAYER.

THE duty of prayer, no doubt was designed for the benefit and happiness of mankind. There are two kinds especially in which all are concerned, namely, family and secret prayer. When it is considered what benefit arises from the performance of these duties, it would be thought none would neglect them. Perhaps there is no religious duty more necessary for the promotion of good order in a family, than morning and evening prayer, and none I believe contributes more to the maintaining true godliness in the soul than secret prayer. But however profitable these are, they are too much neglected; and would persons attend to these divine commands, no doubt they would be ready to confess, that they were highly compensated for their trouble, and that a little time spent in prayer daily, is no loss to them.

TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE, which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,

"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/each, and Children 1/each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.) 18tf

IN pursuance of an order of the honorable John Slo's Hobart, Esq. one of the justices of the Supreme court of judicature of the state of New-York, upon the petition of John Tanner of the city of New-York, mariner, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction with so many of his creditors as have debts, bona fide, due and owing to them from the said John Tanner, amounting to at least three fourth parts of all the monies due and owing by him, all the creditors of the said John Tanner are hereby notified to show cause if any they have, before the said judge, at his chambers, situated in Crown-Street, in the city of New-York, on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the said insolvent's estate should not be made, and the said insolvent discharged, agreeably to the directions of an act of the Legislature of the state of New-York aforesaid, entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of insolvency," passed the 21st day of March, in the year 1788. Dated this 26th day of September, 1792. **JOHN TANNER.**

Peter A. Schenck, one of the petitioning creditors.

MUSEUM.

THE Public will take notice, that the Museum will be open every day, from 10 to 1, and from 3 to 5 o'clock. By order of the Trustees, Qd. 24. **GARDNER BAKER, Keeper.**

JEREMIAH HALLETT and CO.

No. 52, Water-Street, two doors West of Burling-Slip,

Have received by the late arrivals, an assortment of **IRONMONGERY**, which they will sell upon reasonable terms for CASH or short credit.

AMONG WHICH ARE

BEST hoop L. blistered Steel, T. Crowley, No. 3, and A. C. faggot dg. sheet Iron, tin Plates, Shovels and Spades, Frying Pans, Smiths Anvils, Vices, Beck Irons, Hammers, Sledges, and Bellows Pipes, brass Kettles, copper and brass Warming Pans, iron Pots and Kettles, brass and iron head Shovel and Tongs, iron Tea Kettles, a variety of coat and vest buttons, plated & common Spas and Knee Buckles, black do. iron and japanned Candlesticks, Shoe and Knee Chaps, door and other Locks, various kinds of Hinges, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Gouges, Plane Irons, Knives and Forks, and other Cutlery, stamped and common white chapple Needles, large Pumice Stone, Allum, Copers, Sad Irons, Files and Rasps, Black Lead Pans, Steelyards, Scale Beams, Carpenters and Shot Makers Tools, with a variety of other articles of Hard Ware.—Also, Elegant Tea Trays and Waiters; likewise for sale at same place, an assortment of **DRY GOODS**, wholesale and retail. 32 if

EVENING SCHOOL.

WILL be opened by JOHN WINCHELL, on Monday, evening the 8th of October, first door North of the Friends Meeting-House, where he still continues to teach young Ladies and Gentlemen the various branches of English Literature.—The proficiency which his pupils make, especially in writing, encourage him to hope for the favour of those who wish to have their children well and speedily taught on the most reasonable terms. New-York, Sept. 29, 1792. 29—1f.

MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.

At the City-Tavern.
THE Public will please to take notice that the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have altered the hour of starting, from three o'clock in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the morning: This stage admits but seven seats, and leaves Powles Hook on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday afternoon: All application for seats in this stage must be made to **JAMES CARR**, at the office. Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of expresses, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.
150 wt of baggage, 4 dols. 1f
Feb. 18. **J. M CUMMINGS, & Co.**

LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but one to Mr. Goodhue's Tallow Chandlery, nearly opposite the Exchange, for the reception of Horses and Carriages by the day, week, month or year, at the very lowest prices. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddle & carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate as any in this city. **Wm. WELLS.**

New-York, July 20, 1792.

PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.